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THE COSMIC AVENGER!

QUASAR™

TO LEARN HIS COSMIC
DESTINY FROM EON--



--QUASAR MUST FIRST SURVIVE
A DEADLY DUEL WITH...

DEATHURGE!



Stan Lee presents

QUASAR

HURLING THROUGH THE VAST INTERPLANETARY VOID IS A SPECK OF HIGHLY DEVELOPED ORGANIC LIFE SURROUNDED BY A NIMBUS OF RADIANT ENERGY.

THE SPECK IS A MAN NAMED WENDELL VAUGHN. HE PREFERS THE NAME QUASAR. THE NIMBUS OF ENERGY IS A MANIFESTATION OF THE ALIEN POWER-BANDS AT HIS WRISTS.



QUASAR'S DESTINATION IS URANUS, SEVENTH PLANET FROM THE SUN, ALMOST 3 BILLION KILOMETERS FROM HIS NATIVE WORLD, EARTH. HE HAS BEEN TRAVELING FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW AND HAS BUT A FEW MORE WEEKS TO GO.

HIS AVOWED PURPOSE IN MAKING THIS TEDIOUS AND SOLITARY VOYAGE IS TO LEARN THE ORIGIN OF THE ENERGY-BRACELETS BONDED TO HIS FOREARMS.

BUT KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ALL THAT AWAITS HIM AT HIS JOURNEY'S END.

DESTINY AMIDST THE RUINS

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WRAPPED IN HIS CORUSCATING ENERGY COCOON, HIS HEARTBEAT AND RESPIRATION SLOWED BY CHEMICALS TO 1/100 THEIR NORMAL RATE. HIS MIND IS IN A DEEP DREAMLESS SLEEP.

EVERY 100,000 KILOMETERS OR SO, HOWEVER, IT PLUCKS AN IMAGE OUT OF HIS SUBCONSCIOUS AND SENDS IT CAREENING PAST THE THRESHOLD OF AWARENESS.

WERE HE TO PLACE THOSE IMAGES IN SEQUENTIAL ORDER, HE WOULD BE REMINDED OF ALL THE STEPS THAT LED TO HIS EMBARKING UPON HIS JOURNEY.

PERHAPS THE FIRST SUCH IMAGE WOULD BE THAT OF HIM AS AN AGENT-IN-TRAINING AT SHIELD'S SPY SCHOOL.

HIS INSTRUCTORS PRAISED HIS TECHNICAL PROFICIENCY, BUT CRITICIZED HIS LACK OF "KILLER INSTINCT".



ASSIGNED TO ROUTINE GUARD DUTY, HE WATCHED AS THE WRIST BANDS HE NOW WEARS WERE FIELD-TESTED BY ANOTHER MAN.



--A MAN WHO PANICKED WHEN THE BANDS WOULD NOT COME OFF AND DISINTEGRATED HIMSELF.

NOT AN HOUR LATER, ANDROIDS SENT BY THE CRIMINAL ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS STAGED A RAID. THEIR OBJECTIVE: TO STEAL THE ALIEN ENERGY-BANDS.



TO PROTECT THEM, VAUGHN PUT THEM ON--

--AND LEARNED THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THEIR OPERATION UNDER THE MOST HAZARDOUS POSSIBLE CONDITIONS.

STILL, HE MANAGED TO REPULSE THE AIM INVASION.



AND ULTIMATELY, IT WAS HIS LACK OF A KILLER INSTINCT THAT ENABLED HIM TO SUBDUCE THE RAMPANT ENERGIES HE HAD UNLEASHED.

HIS STRONG SHOWING EARNED HIM A PLACE IN SHIELD'S FLEDGLING SUPER-AGENT PROGRAM. ALONG WITH BLUE STREAK, THE VAMP, AND THE TEXAS TWISTER, HE UNDERWENT SPECIAL TRAINING.



BUT WHEN BLUE STREAK AND THE VAMP TURNED OUT TO BE DOUBLE AGENTS, THE PROGRAM WAS DISMANTLED.

WORKING ALONGSIDE THE LEGENDARY CAPTAIN AMERICA, HE NOT ONLY HELPED SHIELD LEARN WHO SENT THE INFILTRATORS--



--HE ALSO GOT A CHANCE TO PIT HIS POWER AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE RAGING HULK.

HIS SHIELD CREDENTIALS LANDED HIM A JOB AS HEAD OF SECURITY--

--AT THE GOVERNMENT'S EXPERIMENTAL ENERGY FACILITY, PROJECT PEGASUS.

WITHIN WEEKS OF HIS ARRIVAL, THE PROJECT WAS NEARLY DESTROYED BY THE SPACE-ENGULFING NTH MAN. IT TOOK THE COMBINED FORCES OF THUNDRA, THE THING, THE AQUARIAN, AND HIMSELF TO AVERT CATASTROPHE.

VOWING NEVER TO ALLOW ANY SITUATION TO GET OUT OF HAND AGAIN, HE NEVERTHELESS FELL PREY TO THE WILL-NUMBING SERPENT CROWN, WHICH HAD TAKEN OVER THE REST OF THE PROJECT'S WORKERS...

ALTHOUGH A MAJOR DISASTER WAS AGAIN PREVENTED DUE TO OUTSIDE INTERVENTION--

--QUASAR FELT THAT IT WAS NEGLIGENCE ON HIS PART THAT ENABLED THE CRISIS TO OCCUR.

DESPONDENT, HE TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION AS HEAD OF SECURITY TO THE PROJECT'S DIRECTOR, MYRON WILBURN, AND WOULD NOT LET HIMSELF BE TALKED OUT OF IT.

PUTTING AWAY HIS COSTUME, HE SPENT THE NEXT FEW WEEKS AT HIS MOTHER'S HOME IN WISCONSIN, SITTING IN HIS OLD BEDROOM, STRUMMING HIS GUITAR, LIFTING WEIGHTS, AND AVOIDING LIFE.

AT HER WIT'S END, HIS MOTHER FINALLY CALLED HER EX-HUSBAND TO COME TO TRY TO DRAW THEIR SON OUT FROM BENEATH HIS VEIL OF DEPRESSION.

DR. GILBERT VAUGHN, ONE OF THE PHYSICISTS ORIGINALLY CALLED UPON TO STUDY THE ALIEN ENERGY-BANDS, PROPOSED HIS SON UNDERTAKE A SCIENTIFIC MISSION TO LEARN THEIR ORIGIN.

ATTRACTED TO THE PROSPECT OF SPENDING TIME ALONE IN THE VOID OF SPACE, QUASAR AGREED.

FIND AFTER WEEKS OF EXHAUSTIVE PREPARATION, THE EQUIPMENT-LADEN ADVENTURER PENETRATED THE ENVELOPE OF ATMOSPHERE SURROUNDING HIS HOME PLANET FOR THE FIRST TIME--

--AND PROMPTLY WENT TO SLEEP.

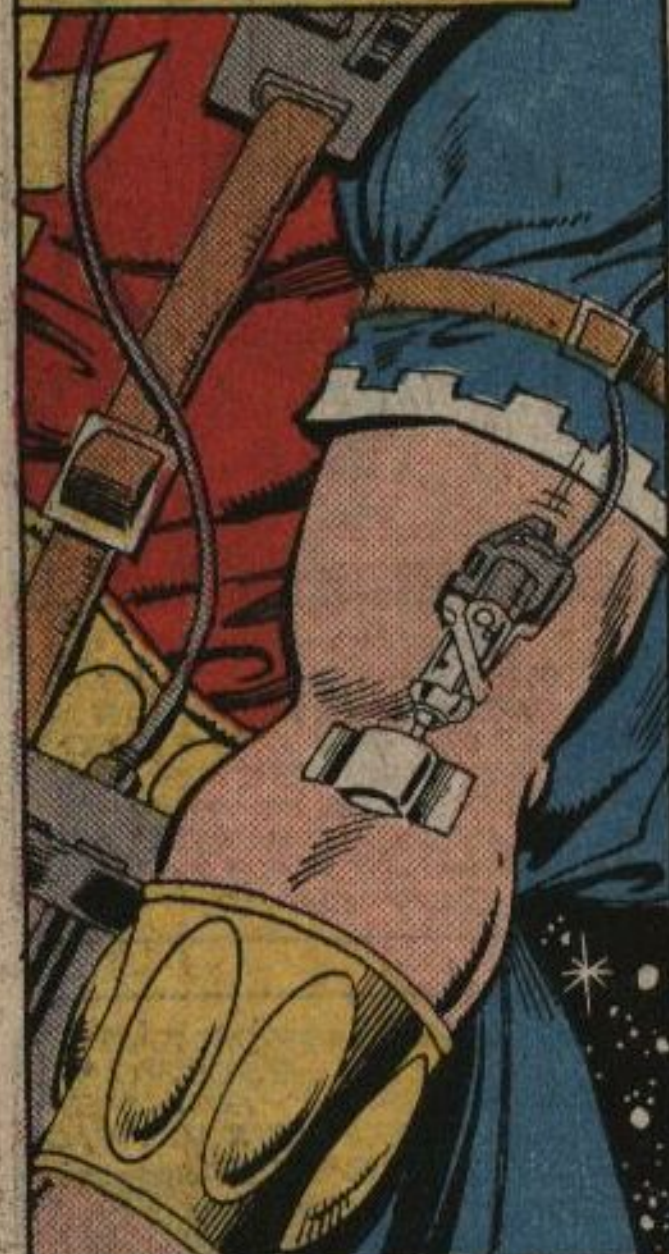


THE PARADE OF IMAGES LAPSES. WEEKS PASS. URANUS GROWS FROM AN INDISTINGUISHABLE POINT OF LIGHT TO A BLURRY BLUE-GREEN GOLF BALL.

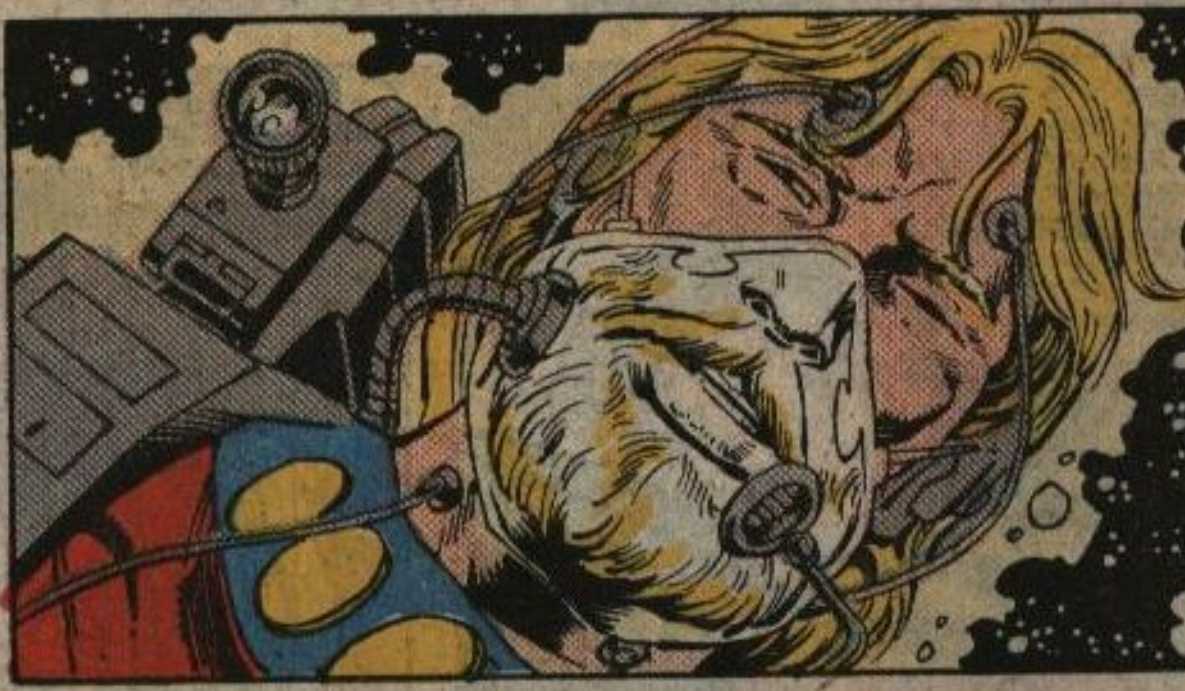
WHEN IT IS THE SIZE OF A CANTALOUPE, CIRCUITRY INSIDE QUASAR'S LIFE SUPPORT RIG ARE REMOTELY ACTIVATED--



-- THE GAS THAT HAS SLOWED HIS BODILY FUNCTIONS TO A CRAWL IS REPLACED BY PURE OXYGEN--



-- AND THE INTRAVENOUS TUBE PROVIDING HIM NOURISHMENT SENDS STIMULANT THROUGH HIS BLOOD INSTEAD.



A HUNDRED THOUSAND KILOMETERS LATER, QUASAR OPENS HIS EYES.

WHERE... AM... I...?

AM I THERE ALREADY?



I FEEL LIKE I BARELY GOT A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP!

UNNNGH! MY ARMS-- JUST MOVING THEM-- ACHES SO MUCH! NO WONDER. IF I'VE BEEN ASLEEP AS LONG AS I WAS SUPPOSED TO, I HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXERCISE IN OVER FOUR YEARS!

HERE IN ZERO-GRAVITY, I PROBABLY LOST ALL MY MUSCLE TONE. BETTER START EXERCISING OR I'LL BE A PHYSICAL WASTE BY THE TIME I GET BACK HOME.

IF I GET BACK HOME.



DAD, I'M AWAKE. YOU READING ME?

STRETCH ONE, STRETCH TWO, STRETCH THREE, STRETCH FOUR...

I FORGET HOW LONG THE TRANSMISSION TIME LAG IS BETWEEN HERE AND EARTH. SEVERAL HOURS, I THINK EVEN AT LIGHT-SPEED.



MAN, AM I HUNGRY. GLUCOSE MAY KEEP YOU ALIVE, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU FEEL FULL.

THAT MUST BE URANUS. LOOKS COLD. UNINVITING.



WELL, I WASN'T INVITED. I'M JUST AN OLD PLANET CRASHER, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN THERE.

LET'S SEE, WHERE WAS I? STRETCH 964...

HOURS PASS...

OKAY, I COMPLETED AN ORBIT AROUND THE EQUATOR, NOW LET ME TRY THE POLES...

YES, I READ YOU SON! HOPE YOU'RE DOING FINE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



HA, SO THIS IS WHAT IT TAKES TO GET MOM AND DAD IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

I HEAR YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, MOM, DAD... HOW'S THE VIDEO RECEPTION? OVER.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON EARTH...

RECEPTION'S GREAT, SON. CAN'T WAIT TO SEE N.A.S.A.'S REACTION WHEN I HAND THEM THESE TAPES.



WEN SOUNDS BETTER THAN HE DID WHEN HE LEFT. BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW IF ALL THIS SOLITUDE IS THE BEST WAY TO BRING HIM OUT OF HIS DEPRESSION.

I HAVE YOUR MOTHER HERE IN THE LAB. SHE'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS TO YOU.

WENDELL? WE MISS YOU, DEAR. PLEASE BE CAREFUL. REMEMBER YOU ONLY HAVE FIVE DAYS TO EXPLORE BEFORE YOUR RISK USING UP YOUR NUTRIENTS FOR THE TRIP HOME! OVER.

HEY, DAD. ANY IDEA WHERE I BEGIN SEARCHING A PLANET FOUR TIMES BIGGER THAN THE EARTH FOR CLUES TO THE "ENIGMA OF THE AMAZING ENERGY-BANDS"? OVER.

HUH? THE BANDS ARE SPARKLING--LIKE THEY'VE DETECTED SOME SORT OF ENERGY ANOMALY!



MAN, THESE TRANSMISSION LAGS ARE A DRAG!



I THINK I'VE PICKED UP SOMETHING, DAD. I'M GOING DOWN. OVER.

URANUS'S ATMOSPHERE IS SUPPOSED TO BE LARGELY **HYDROGEN** AND **HELIUM**. QUITE UNBREATHABLE.



COLD, TOO. NOT TOO MANY DEGREES ABOVE ABSOLUTE ZERO. THE PLANET'S SURFACE IS AN OCEAN OF ICE.

THIS COULD BE A **WILD-GOOSE CHASE**. THE ORIGINAL POSSESSOR OF THESE BRACELETS MIGHT HAVE BEEN **BLOWING STEAM** WHEN HE SAID HE GOT THEM ON URANUS!

THE URANIAN COLONY HE CLAIMED HE LIVED IN MIGHT NOT EVEN--



WHAT'S THAT--?

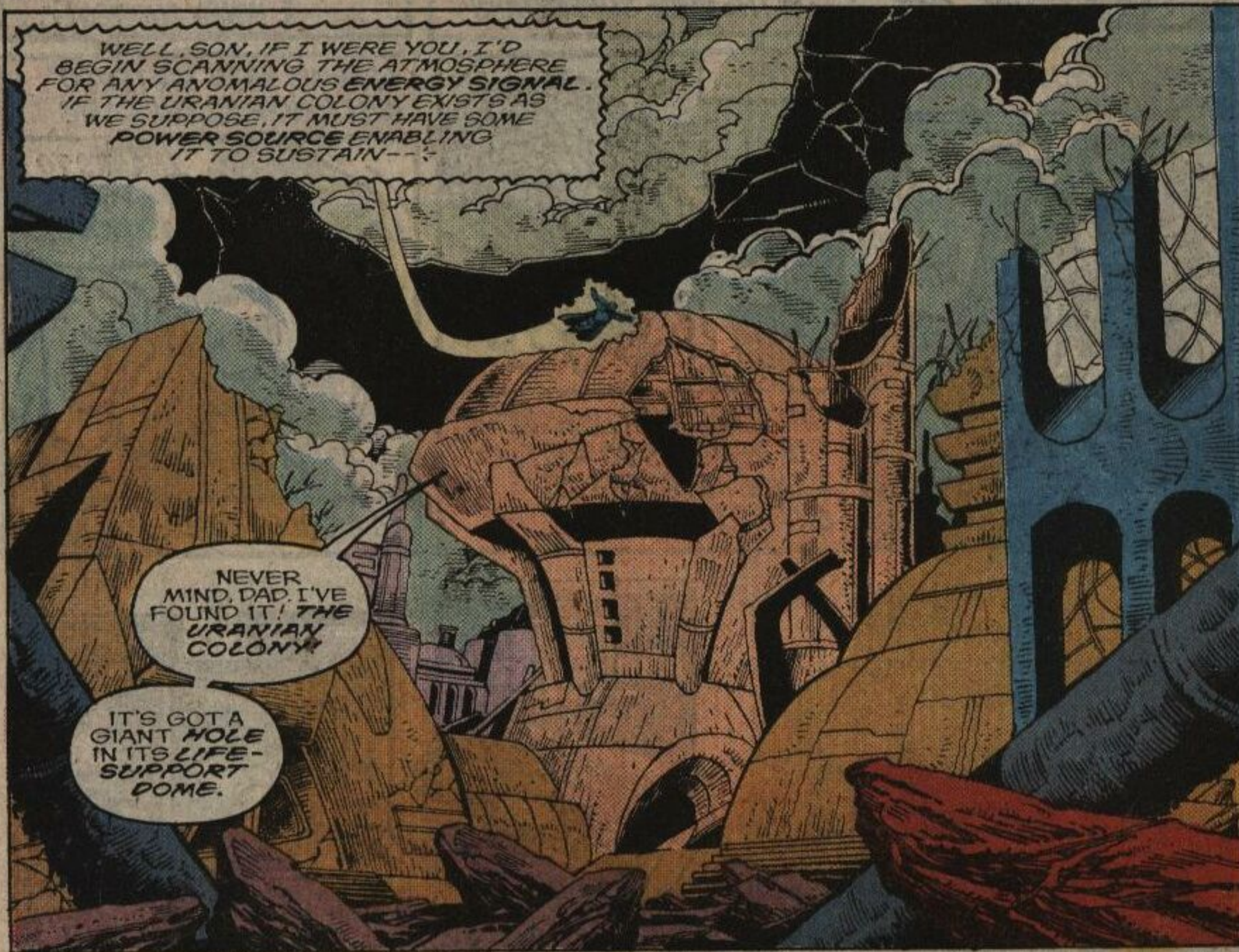
HOLY---



WELL, SON, IF I WERE YOU, I'D BEGIN SCANNING THE ATMOSPHERE FOR ANY ANOMALOUS **ENERGY SIGNAL**. IF THE URANIAN COLONY EXISTS AS WE SUPPOSE, IT MUST HAVE SOME **POWER SOURCE** ENABLING IT TO SUSTAIN--

NEVER MIND, DAD. I'VE FOUND IT! THE URANIAN COLONY!

IT'S GOT A GIANT **HOLE** IN ITS **LIFE-SUPPORT DOME**.



IS YOUR VIDEO PICKING UP ALL THIS DAD? AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS-EXTRATERRESTRIAL CITY ALL LYING IN FRIGID RUIN.



FROM THE LOOK AT THE WAY THE DEBRIS OF THE DOME FELL, I'D GUESS THAT SOMETHING BURST IT FROM WITHIN RATHER THAN SMASHED IT FROM WITHOUT.

PEOPLE! FLASH-FROZEN! THE URANIAN COLONISTS! THEY... LOOK SO HUMAN!

I'LL CHECK THEM OUT CLOSER IN A MINUTE. I WANT TO GET A FEEL FOR THIS WHOLE CITY FIRST.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, DAD? LOOK AS MUCH LIKE A MUSEUM TO YOU AS IT DOES TO ME?



UNLESS I CAN FIND A LIBRARY, HERE'S AS LIKELY A PLACE TO FIND CLUES ABOUT MY JEWELRY AS ANY.



HEY!

THAT METAL HEAD LOOKS FAMILIAR. I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW PICTURES OF IT WHEN I WAS A KID.



I GOT IT! THE FANTASTIC FOUR BATTLED A ROBOT THAT LOOKED LIKE THIS ONCE!

IS THE RESEMBLANCE COINCIDENTAL OR COULD THEY BE RELATED?

CHECK THIS OUT. A FULL-SCALE DIORAMA SHOWING A BUNCH OF URANIANS PLAYING RING-AROUND-THE-ROSE WITH THE THING.



ANY IDEA WHAT IT MEANS, DAD?

FIND AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES...

CAN'T FIND ANYTHING THAT SEEMS TO PERTAIN TO MY ENERGY-BANDS. I WAS HALF-EXPECTING TO SEE **EVERYBODY** HERE WEARING A PAIR.

GUESS THEY'RE MORE **UNIQUE** THAN THAT.

NO SIGN OF A FACTORY WHERE THESE THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED, EITHER.

THE TOWER APPEARS TO BE PART OF THE COLONY'S POWER PLANT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE **FISSIONABLE MATERIAL** INSIDE IT MY BRACELETS DETECTED.

NOW WHAT? ALL THIS WAY AND WHAT DO I FIND? A COUPLE OF BLOCKS OF HIGH-TECH **RUINS** AND A COUPLE DOZEN HUMAN-LOOKING **STIFFS**.

SAY, DAD, ALL THIS **DISAPPOINT** YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES **ME**?

HEY, I JUST REALIZED... I HAVEN'T GOTTEN A TRANSMISSION FROM DAD SINCE--? SINCE I SET DOWN ON THIS PLANET'S SURFACE OVER **FOUR HOUR** AGO! WHAT GIVES?

TURN UP THE VOLUME ON THE RECEPTOR A BIT...

I DON'T HEAR ANY **BACKGROUND STATIC**! MY COMMUNICATOR'S GONE **DEAD**!

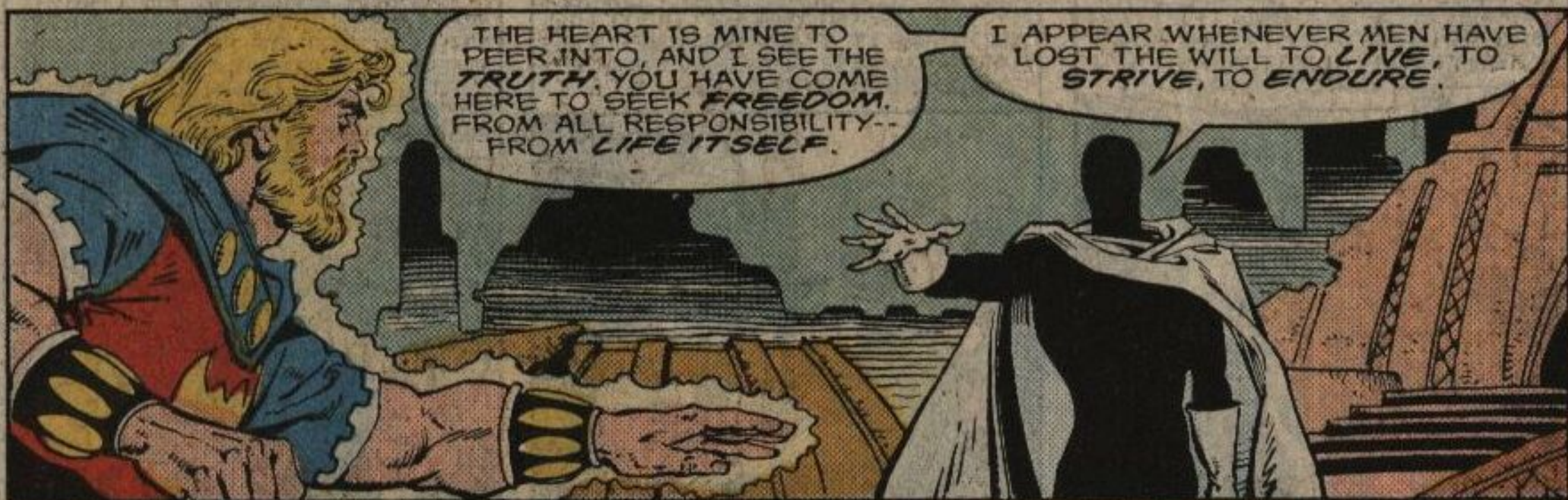
HAHAHAHAHA!

I MAKE MYSELF **LAUGH** SOMETIMES.

HERE I AM A **COUPLE BILLION MILES** FROM HOME, STANDING IN A DEAD CITY, WITH NO ONE BUT **CORPSICLES** TO TALK TO, AND I STILL DON'T KNOW **WHATEVER POSSESSED** ME TO MAKE THIS TRIP!

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHY DID I **AGREE** TO THIS?

WAS IT JUST TO PLEASE MY **FATHER**? TO EARN HIS **RESPECT**? OR... WAS I TRYING TO GET **AWAY** FROM HIM? FROM... **EVERYBODY**.



"ABOUT A THOUSAND OF YOUR YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE URANIANS DID DISCOVER THE EQUATION THAT EXPLAINS THE UNIVERSE. IT TOOK SEVERAL HUNDRED MORE YEARS TO CHECK HIS CALCULATIONS AND VERIFY HIS CONCLUSIONS EXPERIMENTALLY..."



"... BUT THE EQUATION TURNED OUT TO BE CORRECT. AND ONCE THEY HAD THE ULTIMATE ANSWER TO THE MEANING OF LIFE, THEY HAD NO MORE CHALLENGES, NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR."

"YET BECAUSE OF THEIR NEAR-IMMORTALITY, IT WAS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE URANIANS TO TERMINATE THEIR EXISTENCES."



"SO THEY SUMMONED A MORTAL SCIENTIST FROM THE PLANET OF THEIR BIRTH, HOPING THAT BY STUDYING HIM, THEY COULD MAKE THEMSELVES MORTAL AGAIN AND THEREBY PUT AN END TO THE NIGHTMARISH BOREDOM."



"THEY DICTATED TO HORACE GRABSHEID PLANS TO CONSTRUCT A SPACESHIP CAPABLE OF MAKING THE LONG INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT. THE SCIENTIST BUILT IT IN HIS OWN BACK YARD."



"A DECADE LATER, GRABSHEID AND HIS SON ARRIVED HERE AND WERE WARMLY WELCOMED BY THE URANIANS. WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT, THEY SCANNED THE EARTH MAN FOR THE MORTALITY FACTOR LOCKED IN HIS CELLS."



"IN RETURN FOR GIVING THEM THE KEY TO OBSCOLESCENCE, THEY SHARED WITH GRABSHEID THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE THEIR GREATEST THEORETICIAN HAD FOUND. IT PROFOUNDLY MOVED THE PEACE-LOVING SCIENTIST."



"THE MAN'S SON WAS TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND, HOWEVER, AND SO THEY SENT HIM AWAY BACK TO EARTH, BEARING THE TRINKETS THAT YOU NOW WEAR."



"I HAD LEARNED OF THEIR ABJECT DESPAIR BY THEN, AND WITH THEIR MOST ARDENT BLESSINGS, I RENT THE TEAR IN THEIR LIFE-DOME."



"THEIR LIFE-FORCES NOW EVISCERATED, THEY WERE ABLE AT LAST TO DIE. I WATCHED THEM ALL MEET OBIVION WITH OPEN ARMS AND LOVING SMILES."



YOU'RE A REGULAR **GHOUL**. AREN'T YOU?

SO WHAT HAPPENED **THEY** WAIT, I BELIEVE I KNOW. GRABSHED'S SON RETURNED TO EARTH IN THE 1950'S AND USED THESE **POWER-BANDS** IN HIS ONE-MAN CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME, RIGHT?



"YES, AND WHEN HE WAS UNABLE TO CONTACT HIS **FATHER**, HE FEARED HE HAD **TAKEN** ILL. ACQUIRING MEDICAL SUPPLIES, THE BOY-- **MARVEL BOY**, HE CALLED HIMSELF, SET FORTH FOR **URANUS**."



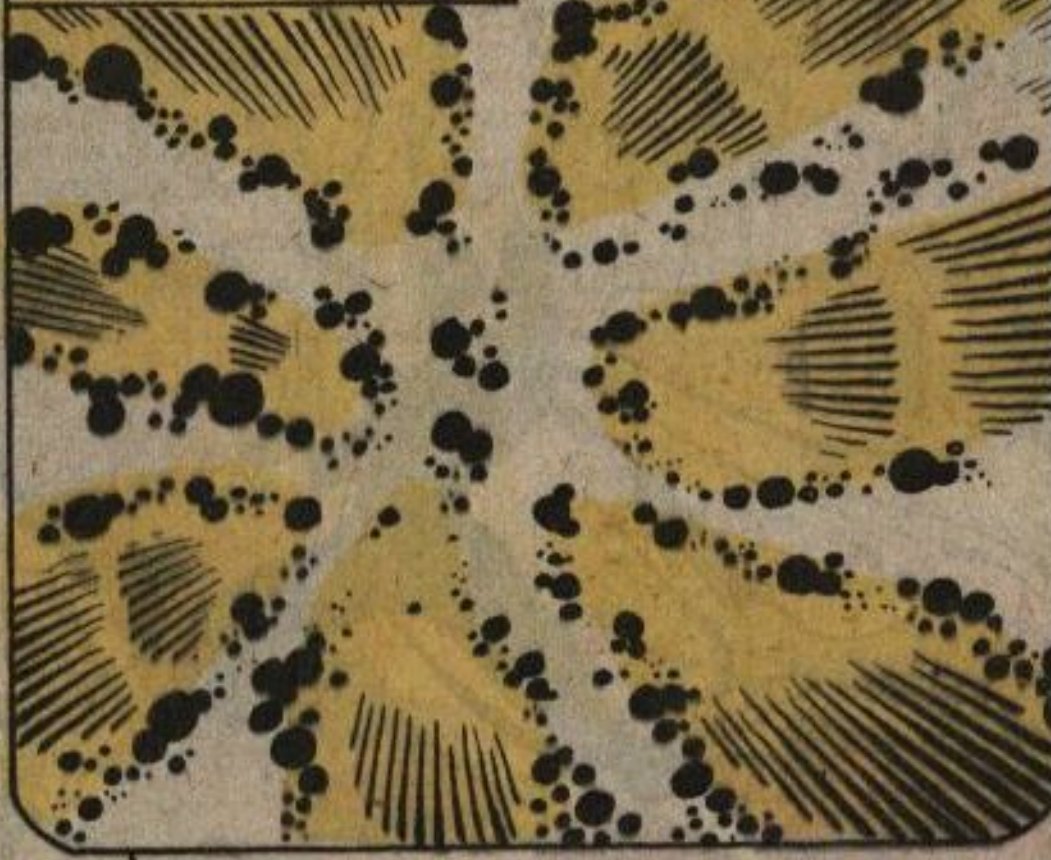
"WHEN HE EVENTUALLY **ARRIVED**, HE FOUND HE WAS **TOO LATE**. EVERY-ONE WAS IN THE **BLISSFUL** STATE YOU SEE THEM NOW. THE SIGHT DROVE HIM **MAD**."



"HE ONCE MORE RETURNED TO EARTH, **BLAMING** ITS PEOPLE FOR THE FACT THAT HE WAS NOT ON **URANUS** WHEN THE **DISASTER** OCCURRED. HE WENT ON A **BINGE OF DESTRUCTION**--"



"-- AND WAS **CONSUMED** BY THE ENERGIES IN THE **TRINKETS**, ENERGIES HIS **IRRATIONAL MIND** COULD NO LONGER CONTROL."



I KNEW THAT WAS HOW HE MET HIS **END**, BUT I HADN'T KNOWN WHAT ALL **LED** UP TO IT THANKS FOR THE **HISTORY LESSON**.



SO, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THESE "**TRINKETS**" THAT BROUGHT ME HERE.

NOTHING.

THEN WHAT WAS THE **POINT** OF THAT WHOLE STORY?

CALL IT AN **OBJECT LESSON**. LIKE THE **URANIAN**S, YOU SEEK **OBLIVION**. I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU **FIND** IT.



YOU CAME HERE TO **ESCAPE** A WORLD WHERE YOU COULD NEVER QUITE **MEASURE UP**, WHERE YOU **FAILED** AT EVERYTHING YOU TRIED TO DO.

YOUR **FATHER**, **SHIELD**, **PROJECT PEGASUS**: YOU'VE LET THEM **ALL** DOWN, HAVEN'T YOU? AND SO YOU'VE **GIVEN UP**. YOU FEEL IT IS A **WASTE OF EFFORT** TO GO ON...

YET YOUR **COWARDICE** WON'T PERMIT YOU TO **DISPATCH** YOURSELF SO YOU UNDERTOOK THIS VOYAGE WITH THE HOPE THAT SOME **MISHAP** WOULD END IT ALL FOR YOU.



I AM THAT **MISHAP**.

YOU ARE *WRONG!* I *HAVEN'T*
FAILED EVERYBODY AND I *HAVEN'T*
COME HERE TO *DIE!*

SURE, I *HAVEN'T*
ALWAYS BEEN ABLE
TO DO AS WELL AS I
WANTED, BUT I'VE
ALWAYS *TRIED*. AND I'M
GOING TO *KEEP ON*
TRYING!

NO,
QUASAR, NOW
YOU'RE GOING
TO *DIE!*

HOW DID HE
DO THAT?!?
WHAT'S THIS GUY
MADE OF?

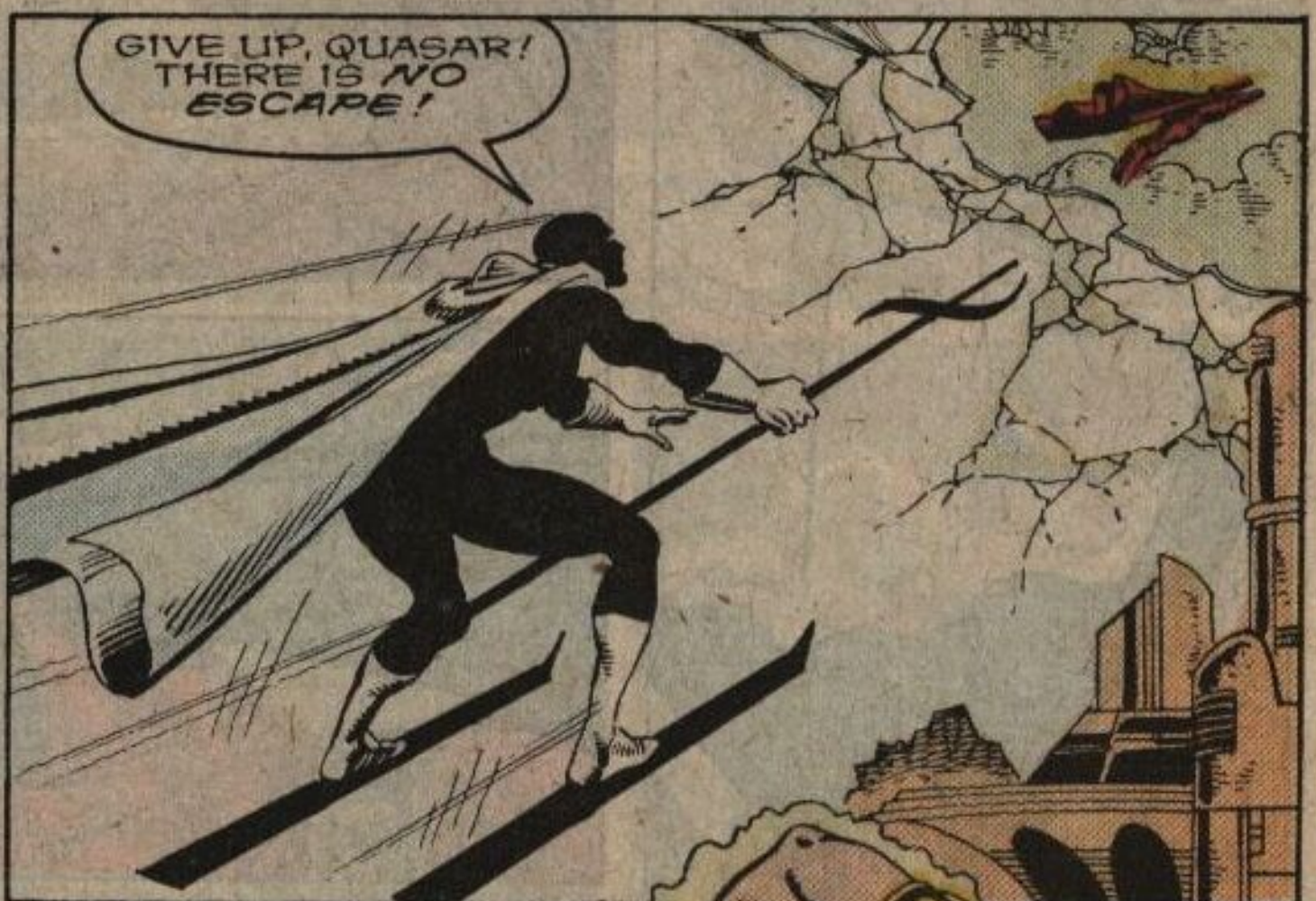
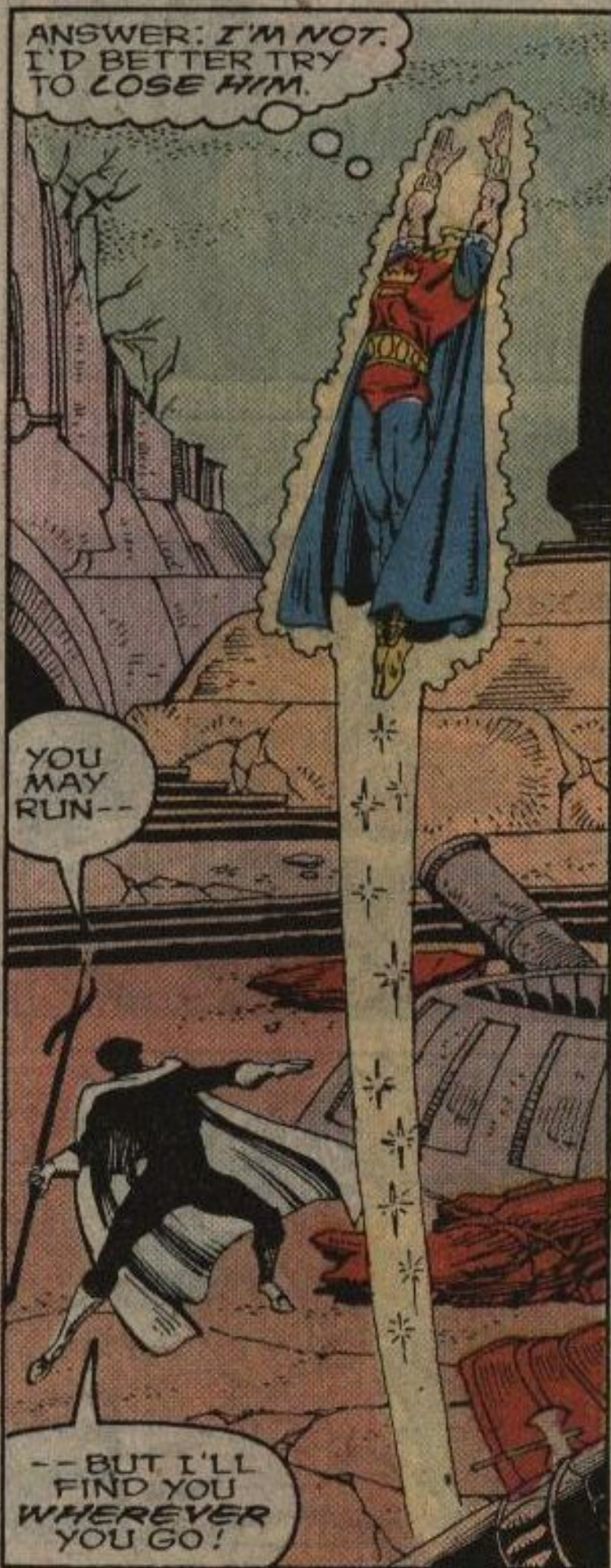
RESISTANCE IS
FUTILE. DEATH
IS IN YOUR *HEART*,
EVEN IF YOUR
MIND HAS YET TO
REALIZE IT!

YOU
LIKE DEATH
SO MUCH,
MAYBE
YOU'D
LIKE A
TASTE!

I CANNOT DIE!

NOR CAN ENERGY-
EMANATIONS
WIELDED BY A
MAN WHO WANTS
TO DIE AFFECT
ME IN THE
SLIGHTEST.

WATUMP





HE'S GAINING ON ME! I'LL HAVE TO--UH-OH!



WHAT--?



HIS SPEAR SLICED THROUGH MY ENERGY-SHIELD LIKE IT WAS TISSUE PAPER!

WHAT IS THIS GUY? HE CAN'T BE HUMAN! SOME SORT OF DEMON?

I CAN'T TOUCH HIM, BUT HE CAN TOUCH ME!



I'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE TO IT THAT HE DOESN'T!



UHP! ALMOST GOT ME!



COULD HE BE RIGHT? DO I REALLY WANT TO DIE AND BE DONE WITH IT?

NO! I MAY HAVE BEEN DEPRESSED WHEN I AGREED TO MAKE THIS TRIP, BUT EVERYONE GOES THROUGH BLUE PERIODS... TIMES WHEN YOU HAVE TO RETHINK YOUR LIFE, RECHARGE YOUR BATTERIES...



OUT HERE, FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL, MY PAST TROUBLES SEEM SO... TRIVIAL. I NOW REALIZE JUST HOW MUCH THERE IS TO LIVE FOR! IF I CAN JUST CONVINCE DEATHURGE--

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, QUASAR! DARKNESS WILL SPREAD THROUGH- OUT YOUR FORM LIKE A CANCEROUS GROWTH, EXTINGUISHING YOUR LIFE CELL BY CELL.

AAHGGK!



BACK FEELS NUMB, COLD---! C-CAN'T REACH THE ARROW, PULL IT OUT---

BLAST YOU, DEATHURGE! THIS ISN'T FAIR! NO ONE STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST YOU---

LIFE IS NOT FAIR, ONLY DEATH IS, YOU'LL SEE.



SHUT UP!
I'M NOT GOING TO DIE!



DID YOU REALLY THINK YOUR ENERGY SHAFTS WOULD BE ANY MORE EFFECTUAL THAN YOUR ENERGY BEAMS?



YOU ARE ONLY PROLONGING THE INEVITABLE.





NO! I CAN'T BE DEAD!
THE AFTERLIFE--I
CAN'T IMAGINE IT'S
LIKE THIS!



THEN WHERE
THE DEVIL
AM I?

YOU ARE
IN A SMALL
SECTOR OF
SUBSPACE.

WHO--?



WHO-WHAT
ARE YOU? IF
YOU'RE IN LEAGUE
WITH DEATHURGE,
YOU CAN SPARE
ME THE
INTRODUCTION!

I AM NO
ALLY OF THAT
WHELP.

I AM EON...
HE WHO WAITS!



I AM THE OFFSPRING OF *ETERNITY*,
THE PERSONIFICATION OF THE *LIFE*
FORCE OF THE UNIVERSE.

I AM THE OFFSPRING OF THE
COSMIC AXIS, AROUND WHICH
THE UNIVERSE *SWIRLS* AND
DANCES.



I AM THE OFFSPRING OF *TIME*,
THE FIRST DIMENSION THAT CAME
INTO BEING, WITHOUT WHICH NO
OTHER DIMENSION WOULD
BE POSSIBLE.

PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE
LINEAGE.

MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO MAKE
A *BREAK* FOR IT, BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS... CREATURE
THAT INSPIRES *TRUST*!



SO... WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, EON?

AS AN INTERMEDIARY OF THE **SUPREME FORCES** OF THE UNIVERSE, I HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE RESPONSIBILITY TO INSURE THAT CONDITIONS IN THE COSMOS REMAIN **AMENABLE TO LIFE**.



FROM TIME TO TIME, HOWEVER, **COSMIC EVIL** HAS ARISEN TO THREATEN THE PRECARIOUS HOLD THAT LIFE HAS IN THE UNIVERSE!

"IT IS THEN MY TASK TO APPOINT A **CHAMPION... A GUARDIAN... A PROTECTOR**, AND DEVELOP THE CHOSEN ONE'S KNOWLEDGE, STRENGTH, AND CHARACTER TO ENABLE HIM TO CARRY OUT THIS RESPONSIBILITY.

"AS BOTH AN **INSTRUMENT OF POWER** AND **SYMBOL** OF HER STATION, THE PROTECTOR IS AWARDED **QUANTUM-BANDS**--YES, THOSE VERY **DEVICES** YOU ELECTED TO PLACE ON YOUR ARMS.

"IN THE EIGHT BILLION YEARS OF MY EXISTENCE SO FAR, I HAVE APPOINTED **COUNTLESS BEINGS** TO SERVE AS LIFE'S **CHAMPION**.



"THE LAST ENTITY TO ASSUME THE MANTLE WAS **CAPTAIN MAR-VELL** OF THE KREE.

"-- THE NEUTRALIZATION OF THE STAR-KILLER, **THANOS**!

"HE WAS A **GOOD MAN**, AND HE ACQUITTED WELL THE TASK FOR WHICH HE WAS GROOMED--



"BUT MAR-VELL IS **DEAD** NOW, HAVING SUCCEMIBED TO THE RAVAGES OF **DISEASE**, AND THE TIME HAS COME TO APPOINT HIS **SUCCESSOR**!

WAIT A MINUTE, EON. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, RIGHT? WELL, I'VE SEEN **PICTURES** OF HIM, AND HE NEVER WORE THESE WRIST-BANDS! A KID NAMED **MARVEL BOY** DID!



TRUE, **MAR-VELL** WAS **MEANT** TO ACQUIRE THE QUANTUM-BANDS BUT THROUGH **HAPPENSTANCE** OVER WHICH I HAD NO CONTROL THEY FELL INTO THE **WRONG HANDS**.



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST MAKE **MARVEL BOY** YOUR CHAMPION, THEN?

CHAMPIONS ARE **BORN**, NOT MADE. **MARVEL BOY** WAS ULTIMATELY **UNWORTHY** BUT ONCE THE QUANTUM-BANDS WERE **ON** HIM, THEY COULD NOT BE REMOVED UNTIL HE **DIED**.



SO... WHAT ARE YOU **TELLING** ME? THAT I'M WORTHY TO WEAR THESE THINGS? YOU WANT **ME** TO BE THIS **UNIVERSAL PROTECTOR**?



I KNOW BUT **THREE THINGS** ABOUT IT: THE THREAT WILL COME FROM SPACE, IT WILL MANIFEST ITSELF ON YOUR WORLD, AND IT WILL TRY TO SLAY ME TO GAIN THE SECRET OF COSMIC AWARENESS.



THE UNIVERSE IS **COUNTING** ON YOU, WENDELL VAUGHN. WHAT IS YOUR **ANSWER**?

DO I REALLY HAVE A **CHOICE**?

OF COURSE! FREE WILL IS AN AFFIRMATION OF **LIFE**.

WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN



I'M NOT SURE IF I HAVE WHAT IT **TAKES** TO PROTECT THE WHOLE **DARN COSMOS**, BUT IF I'M THE GUY YOU **WANT** FOR THE JOB, I'LL DO MY **BEST** TO DO IT!

YES, YOU ARE MY **CHOSEN ONE**, WENDELL VAUGHN. YOU HAVE THE **REQUISITE ATTRIBUTES**: INTELLIGENCE, COURAGE, AND RESOURCEFULNESS.

I HEREBY APPOINT YOU **PROTECTOR** AND ENTRUST YOU WITH THE MISSION OF SAFEGUARDING THE UNIVERSE FROM THE **GREATEST THREAT** TO ITS EXISTENCE I HAVE **EVER PERCEIVED**.

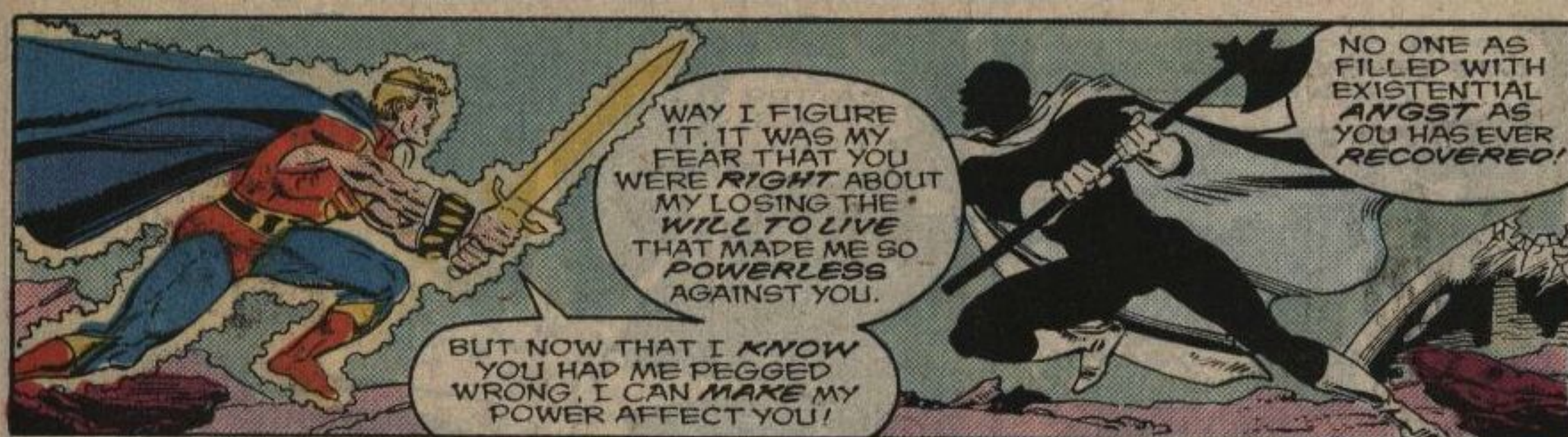
BEFORE I AGREE TO **ANYTHING**, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT THIS THREAT **IS**.

GOOD. NOW PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE **METAMORPHIC RITE OF PASSAGE**.

THE META-WHAT--?







WAY I FIGURE IT, IT WAS MY FEAR THAT YOU WERE *RIGHT* ABOUT MY LOSING THE *WILL TO LIVE* THAT MADE ME SO *POWERLESS* AGAINST YOU.

NO ONE AS FILLED WITH EXISTENTIAL *ANGST* AS YOU HAS EVER *RECOVERED!*

BUT NOW THAT I *KNOW* YOU HAD ME PEGGED WRONG, I CAN *MAKE* MY POWER AFFECT YOU!



THEN YOU'D BETTER CALL ME "*NO ONE*", D'URGE--BECAUSE I'M NOT ONLY *MYSELF* AGAIN--



--BUT I CAN MATCH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AND GO YOU *ONE BETTER!*

YOU FIGHT WITH THE FEROCITY OF THE *REBORN*.



I'LL TAKE THAT AS A *COMPLIMENT!*

DON'T LOOK NOW, DEATHURGE, BUT YOU'VE JUST MET YOUR *MATCH!*



YES...THE *LIFE-URGE* BURNS TOO STRONGLY WITHIN YOU NOW FOR ME TO DELIVER YOU INTO *OBIVION'S EMBRACE*.



FAREWELL, QUASAR. WHEN WE MEET AGAIN, YOU WILL *BEG* ME TO *KILL* YOU...

...AND I WILL *REFUSE*.



SAME TO YOU, FELLA!

READY TO GO, EON?

LET ME JUST RETRIEVE MY
LIFE SUPPORT HARNESS
AND WE CAN--

YOU WILL
NOT
REQUIRE IT!

BUT THE
TRIP BACK
TO EARTH
TAKES
YEARS!
UNLESS YOU
HAPPEN TO
KNOW A
SHORT-
CUT....!

AS A
MATTER
OF FACT,
I DO.

PREPARE
TO QUANTUM-
JUMP, WENDELL
VAUGHN.

WOWEEEE!

FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S
EARTH! BUT
HOW? WHAT
DID I DO?

WITH MY GUIDANCE,
YOU USED YOUR
QUANTUM-BANDS TO
FOLD SPACE AND
MAKE DISTANCES
COLLAPSE.

IT SHOULD ONLY
BE ATTEMPTED WHEN
YOU ARE ORBITAL
DISTANCES FROM
CELESTIAL BODIES.

WHATEVER YOU SAY,
MENTOR OF MINE!

MAN O MAN, IS
DAD GOING TO BE
SURPRISED TO
SEE ME BACK!

AND WITH
A DINNER
GUEST,
NO LESS!

END

STELLARGRAMS

Attention correspondents: All letters considered for publication must include your name and address, though we will withhold that information upon request.

Seeing as how we've yet to receive mail on the first issue of QUASAR, we thought we'd give our Cosmic Avenger's long-winded writer this space to say a few words about how this series came to be. Take it away, Mark...

I've been waiting to do this book for ten years, ever since I co-scripted Wendell Vaughn's first appearance as Quasar (he was called "Marvel Man" before that) in MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE back in 1979. I've always liked cosmic heroes—the Silver Surfer, Captain Mar-Vell, Adam Warlock—and I felt that Quasar, despite his humble origins, might bring something new to that field. After all, SS, CM, and AW were all non-human, and Marvel had yet to showcase a cosmic hero with a totally human perspective. So for the past ten years ideas for Quasar have been percolating on the back burners of my mind, and I've managed to resist the temptation to cannibalize them for other projects I happened to be writing.

So why did it take so long for me to get this book off the ground? Well, the main reason is Marvel doesn't publish just anything its freelancers or editors get a hankering to do. Before I could convince anybody that I merited the opportunity to have a new book added to the schedule just because I thought it might be fun, I had to establish a track record for myself as being a dependable, viable writer. That took about six years.

I first submitted a proposal for a QUASAR book in 1984, and even plotted the first issue with a story that bears an uncanny resemblance to the story in this, the second issue. But then an editor I know wanted someone to write a SQUADRON SUPREME limited series so I put QUASAR on hold to go do that (I always wanted to write a team book). When that was done, an editor in chief I knew was putting together a New Universe and I thought it might be advantageous to get in

on that. Well, that lasted 32 issues—almost three years of a little thing I like to call D.P.7. But when the decision was made to pull the plug on the New U and we were looking for new books to replace them on the schedule, I dusted off my old QUASAR proposal, fine-tuned it with the benefit of four more years of writing experience under my belt, and submitted it to the greatest editor in chief in the history of four-color literature, Tom He-Paid-Me-To-Say-That DeFalco. Tom said "Let's humor him," so here it is at long last, a book that absolutely nobody but me has been clamoring for!

If QUASAR has a somewhat familiar look to you, it may be because the exact same creative team worked together on D.P.7—every last one of us: writer penciler, inker, letterer, colorist, editor, assistant ed, and ed in chief! When in the course of comic events, you come across a team that really meshes well and enjoys and complements one another's work, you don't let a little thing like a book's cancellation let it end. You hire the whole zany crew to do a new book. And for those among you familiar with D.P.7, you know that when Peerless Paul Ryan and myself commit to a project, we're on for a long haul. The Gruenwald-Ryan team not only cops the record for being the only writer and penciler to remain on a New Universe title for its entire run, but with 32 issues under their belts, Gru-Ry stand as Marvels' longest lasting creative collaboration currently working together. (Okay, so we have a way to go to top Lee and Kirby's 102 issue run on FANTASTIC FOUR—give us time!) Since D.P.7 has given your entire crew plenty of time to iron out all creative bugs and glitches, you can just bet that we're hitting the ground running on this title.

My fondest hope in doing QUASAR is that I can not only provide whopping good yarns for you to read month in and month out, but I

can also break new ground not yet trodden by previous cosmic heroes. Since Marvel has presented the most cosmic heroes in the history of the medium, I realize what a challenge this will be. But hey, if Quasar and I wanted things easy, we would have never left Wisconsin!

—Mark Gruenwald

As a public service to the completists among you, here are Quasar's complete appearances to date, in chronological order, no less!

QUASAR #1
CAPTAIN AMERICA #217
DEFENDERS #228-230
INCREDIBLE HULK #232
CAPTAIN AMERICA #231
INCREDIBLE HULK #233-234
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #53-58, #67, #73, #74
DAZZLER #9
MARVEL TEAM-UP #113
MARVEL TEAM-UP ANNUAL #5
QUASAR #2-3
AVENGERS #302-303
AVENGERS ANNUAL #18

The complete appearances of Quasar's predecessor, Marvel Boy, are:

ASTONISHING TALES #1-5 (1951)
FANTASTIC FOUR #164-165
WHAT IF #9

The story of the founding of the Uranian colony is told in the "Untold Tales of the Marvel Universe" featured in WHAT IF, Vol. 1, #23-28. Deathurge has appeared before in MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #71-72 and AVENGERS #249-250. Eon has appeared in CAPTAIN MARVEL #28 and #29.

Data about Uranus was culled from "Voyager: Discovery at Uranus" by Richard Berry in the May 1986 issue of ASTRONOMY.

URANUS. THE SEVENTH PLANET

THE SEVENTH OF THE NINE KNOWN PLANETS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM IS 2,800,000,000 KILOMETERS FROM THE SUN, WHICH IS ABOUT 19 TIMES FARTHER AWAY FROM THE SUN THAN THE EARTH IS.

"IT TAKES 84 YEARS FOR URANUS TO COMPLETE A SINGLE ORBIT AROUND THE SUN, AND ABOUT 17 HOURS FOR IT TO ROTATE ABOUT ON ITS AXIS."

"URANUS IS 4 TIMES AS LARGE AS EARTH AND 14.6 TIMES ITS MASS. ITS ATMOSPHERE IS MADE UP PRIMARILY OF HYDROGEN AND HELIUM. THE AVERAGE TEMPERATURE THERE IS 64 DEGREES KELVIN, THAT IS 64 DEGREES ABOVE ABSOLUTE ZERO."

"URANUS HAS 20 RINGS AROUND IT, BUT THEY ARE SO FAINT THAT THEY WEREN'T OBSERVED UNTIL 12 YEARS AGO. URANUS HAS 5 MAJOR MOONS—MIRANDA, ARIEL, UMBRIEL, TITANIA, AND OBERON—AND 10 MINOR ONES. NONE OF THE 15 IS AS LARGE AS OUR MOON, LUNA."

